

FEAR NOT THE FUTURE

THE King has given his people everywhere a courageous lead for the future in a memorable phrase. "In his Christmas broadcast the King said, "Hold fast by the spirit that refuses to admit defeat; by the faith that never falters; by the hope that cannot be quenched. Let us have no fear of the future, but think of it as opportunity and adventure." There in a few words is an inspiring resolution for all people who still believe in the future of Britain and in the vigour and inventiveness of her people.

There is a note of assurance and confidence in the future which will come as a tonic to many people who after years of war strain feel depressed as they face the future. This reaction after the years of war is undoubtedly a natural one. In those years there was one clear call to everyone. The war had to be won, and nothing much mattered until that supreme decision was reached. Now we are in a world of conflicting choices, where the "one noble purpose, clear and unflinching" is not so apparent. Not so clear-cut are our decisions, nor so immediate. The way ahead is not lit with all war's opportunities of courage and danger, and we see things "as in a glass, darkly."

So, in this our first year of returned peace, we do well to heed the King's exhortation to have no fear of the future. It has hitherto been a characteristic of our British race to refuse to surrender to gloomy forebodings. We have taken time by the forelock, and have grasped all its opportunities with enthusiastic eagerness as those opportunities have offered themselves. We have never been afraid to look the future in the face, and have never refused to face any adventure that has come our way.

The old spirit of refusing to admit defeat has been a mighty bulwark in our national history. In moments of mortal peril—as recent years have shown—our national obstinacy has carried us through hard and bitter experiences. We now need to translate that same old spirit into action in order to meet the future ready and unafraid.

It was in this spirit that the Elizabethan mariners ventured into the uncharted seas. They found fresh glories not only for themselves but for the whole race of Englishmen

who followed after them. The founders of the great American Republic had the same belief in the future as they crossed the Atlantic and eventually struggled westwards across the continent. The future called with all its opportunity and adventure—and they answered its call not merely by faith but by action, proving in practical measures what treasure and wonder lay stored up for them and their descendants.

IN our British story we are standing at one of those dividing points in history, and we have to prove that we are still a great nation. We have admittedly many burdens under which our ancestors would have staggered. Financially, we come out of the war period much poorer. Economically, we are an island people struggling with world forces which are set against us at many points. Our world trade has to be won back and increased to a volume sufficient to give us a standard of living befitting a great and civilised people. Meanwhile, we are ready to endure hardship and austerity if they are part of the preliminaries which will prepare our confident march into the future.

The King's message is an appropriate reminder to all who carry the name of Britain round the world that the spirit of opportunity and adventure is the only spirit which will give the lie to the spirit of defeat. We may light-heartedly "greet the unseen with a cheer," but that cheer must also be accompanied by work, adventure, and boldness in planning, which, together, will convince both ourselves and the world that Britain is rising to fresh glories.

TO British youth a large share of this grand accomplishment must fall. A new generation of young men and women, who have given their finest and best in the service of their country, are now coming into the ranks of industry, business, and the professions. For them the King's message has special emphasis, as in their hands chiefly lies Britain's hope for the future. They proved themselves worthy in the war years and gave without reserve. They now step into a new era—demanding the same high courage and a spirit no less adventurous. And they will not fail!

COAXING AND CUDGELLING THE SEA

ALTHOUGH we live in an age of scientific wonder-working, there are still forces of Nature that lie beyond our control. The recent gales by which our coasts were lashed and battered were as much beyond human command as were the storms that plagued our ancestors.

We certainly know how impossible it is for man to master the seas and the storms that toss them; our forerunners believed that the matter could be contrived either by coaxing or by cudgelling.

What must be one of the oldest of diaries, written 1010 years ago by Tsurayuki, a Japanese provincial governor, during his long voyage home to Kyoto, tells what the Japanese of those days thought of the sea and its storms. No one on the ship was allowed to wear scarlet or other rich colours, or any costly raiment,

lest the anger of the sea god should be aroused. When a storm blew up they made a sacrifice by casting sacred leaves into the air.

This effort having failed, the captain of the ship declared that the sea god resembled all other gods and demanded something rich and rare to please him. The task of finding the offering fell to Tsurayuki, who wrote in his diary: "Of eyes I have a pair—then let me give the god my mirror, of which I have only one."

He added that to his great regret his mirror was flung into the sea, but noted without comment that the waves were forthwith stilled.

On the other hand, when Xerxes, with his prodigious host of men, sought to cross the Dardanelles in order to invade Greece, and the rough sea

smashed the bridge he had constructed over it, punishment, not politeness, was deemed appropriate. Xerxes ordered that the sea should receive 300 lashes, that a pair of fetters should be cast into it to restrain its rude violence, and that his branders should take their red-hot irons and brand the turbulent waves. These "punishments" were inflicted to an accompaniment of scathing denunciations of the waters, which were told that they were "treacherous and unsavoury!"

Mirrors and lashings do not avail. The sea that destroyed the bridge of Xerxes was later to float mines down upon our warships engaged in the Gallipoli campaign, just as waves more westerly have now been bringing newer mines to wreck and shatter South Coast English towns.

EVERY
TUESDAY
3d

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 4d
No 1400

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Breathless Wonder

An exciting moment in the life of a little three-year-old, as, with her Daddy, she looks up at the huge undercarriage wheel of Star Light, the Lancastrian airliner, just before its record-breaking flight to South America from Heathrow Airport.

Wilhelmina Sleeps All Day

WILHELMINA is a friendly opossum who has taken up residence with her young one at a metal crushing plant in a suburb of Auckland, New Zealand. For some time Mr Fred Florey, one of the workmen there, used to feed the sparrows with scraps of bread left over from the men's lunches, and then one evening an opossum was discovered eating the bread. They became friends at once, and it was not long before Wilhelmina (Bill for short) appeared whenever she was called.

Bill has a hearty appetite. She eats a pound of apples—her

favourite diet—each week, is fond of bread and meat, and enjoys her ration of cheese. But she has the strictest meal hours. The morning meal is eaten between 7 and 7.30, when Mr Florey arrives at the quarry. As soon as he switches on the electric motor for the compressor his pet, and her baby, appear for breakfast.

Then they sleep all day in their home on top of a cupboard, and even the starting of a huge motor with a roar like an aeroplane does not disturb them. They wake only when ready for their evening meal.

PARENTS' UNIVERSITIES

TWO new educational developments have been made in Moscow. One is the setting up of an international reference library and the other is the establishment of four "parents' universities."

The international reference library is in the Academy of Studies, and books range from technical publications and Government White papers to historical books and war dis-

patches. English and American technical journals are said to predominate.

At the "parents' universities" lectures on domestic problems are given to parents of all ages. Besides learning about child education methods, child psychology, home management, and other subjects, they may also receive a general education. Doctors and teachers can be consulted by parents.

HOST TO THE WORLD Unrra's Great Task For 1946

IN St James's Palace, The Palace of Westminster, and Greenwich Hospital—three scenes of so much of our nation's history—have been made welcome the representatives of 51 nations of the world who have come to London in conference.

The King, British Delegates, and the Government have in turn honoured the guests of this country with that hospitality which has always been our custom.

London in mid-winter—and a much battered London at that—could not perhaps have the same appeal as the Golden-Gated San Francisco in the high summer of 1945, but it has held out the same warm hand of friendship to its guests from all corners of the Earth. And the friendly social side of an international conference plays no insignificant part.

On the eve of the first meeting of the Assembly, the King himself gave a State Banquet at St James's—the royal palace to which all foreign ambassadors are accredited—and the famous gold plate was used.

On the following day the scene was set in the Royal Gallery in the Palace of Westminster. Here the British Delegates to U.N.O. entertained their fellow-workers from 50 nations.

On Tuesday, January 15, the Government are the hosts in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital, and they were, we

think, happy in their choice of meeting-place. For the Painted Hall stands not only for Britain's spirit of adventure on the seas—for here Nelson lay in state—but also for her beginnings as a nation to care in their old age for those plain men who had served her in their youth and strength.

Built by Wren for William the Third, the Painted Hall was for over a century the dining hall of the pensioners. It is over 100 feet long and on its lofty ceiling Sir James Thornhill painted some of his finest symbolism. Glancing upwards, our guests will see a figure of Peace handing the olive branch to King William, who is trampling on Tyranny and is offering the Cap of Liberty to Europe. Under them Time is bringing Truth to Light.

There is a felicity in this canopy if its symbolism be broadened so that it has an international significance befitting the occasion. The Spirit of Peace above the heads of the assembled guests is surely a happy augury. May it continue to watch over them and guide them in their allotted tasks in the noble striving for World Unity.

London's New Airport

WHEN the first civil aeroplane took off from Heathrow the other day, the Minister of Civil Aviation, Lord Winstler, said that when London's new airport is completed there will be none superior to it.

The occasion was the start of a survey flight to Buenos Aires by a new British air-liner, the Lancastrian Star Light, with Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, former chief of the R.A.F. Pathfinder Force, as captain.

Star Light, with its crew of six and ten passengers, took off from the 3000-yard main runway of the aerodrome. Two other runways, each 100 yards wide and 2000 yards long, are under construction, and it is hoped that these will also be in service by summer. All are of concrete a

foot thick, and are capable of bearing aircraft of up to 160 tons.

Heathrow, which is near Hounslow, has been under construction since May, 1944. It is two and a half miles long, covers 1500 acres, and there is ample space for extension should this be necessary. In levelling the surface of the aerodrome the contractors have had to drain 120 acres of ponds and gravel pits, remove 500,000 cubic yards of silt, and more than 2,000,000 tons of earth and gravel. Over the whole length of the aerodrome there is now a difference in level of only five feet.

Already numerous air services are operating from Britain to all five continents, and in time Heathrow will become our chief air terminal.

CARS ON PROSPERO'S ISLAND

FOR the first time since 1908 private cars are to be allowed in the British island of Bermuda—traditional scene of Shakespeare's *Tempest*—for the Government there have withdrawn the restrictions against the use of motor vehicles.

From 1903 until the beginning of the war Bermuda was perhaps unique in the civilised world as being a place without cars and was thus a paradise for holiday-makers who hate modern traffic conditions. In 1939 the Bermuda House of Assembly refused permission to the Governor to use a car, as a result of which he resigned. A new Governor was appointed, for whom it was planned to provide a coach and four horses!

During the war, however, Bermuda became a U.S. base and the American authorities were allowed to use cars as it had become almost impossible to import fodder for horses owing to the U-boat blockade. Bermuda

is nearly 600 miles from the U.S. coast.

Now Bermuda's Car Acts are to expire, and not even in that delightful island will the lover of the old quiet peaceful ways find rest. The shade of Ariel, flying on a bat's back, lying in a cowslip's bell, will be banished for ever by the noise and smell of the internal-combustion engine.

The Power of Radar

THE wonders of radar seem to be never-ending. Sir Edward Appleton, the famous scientist, said a few days ago that it should be possible to get radio echoes back from the moon, and so to study the irregularities of the moon's surface. He hoped, too, that, by means of powerful radar transmitters, we should be able to radiolocate such phenomena as the trail of meteorites. It seems that radar may be the Open Sesame to many an unsolved mystery of the universe.

Unrra's Great Task For 1946

MR LEHMAN, Director-General of Unrra, has recently made a statement revealing the titanic task lying before his great Relief Administration in 1946.

During 1945 Unrra's shipments to the people of the war-devastated regions of food, medical supplies, clothing, and other vital requirements, have increased rapidly, and it is hoped that this month they will exceed 1,000,000 tons. In spite of this wonderful help, the needs of people in the war-torn lands are as great as ever.

For example, this year Unrra will turn its life-saving efforts to two of the worst devastated territories in the world, the Ukraine and White Russia. Here, says Mr Lehman, destruction was reached on a scale unknown in history, and today in these two areas there are more than twenty-five million people without shelter, save such as they can get in caves, dug-outs, and ruined buildings. To help to alleviate the sufferings of these brave and enduring people even to a small degree will cost over £60,000,000.

A far bigger problem confronts Unrra in China, which has been ravaged by 14 years of continuous war. The relief needs of the heroic Chinese are described by Mr Lehman as stupendous, and £168,000,000 has been earmarked for them.

Other countries that Unrra plans to help this year are Korea, Austria, Italy, and the States of south-eastern Europe.

Unrra's 1946 programme, if it can be carried out, will cost nearly £1000,000,000, more than half of which will be provided by the U.S. and the remainder by contributions from the rest of the 31 member nations of Unrra whose territories were not invaded by the enemy and who have pledged themselves to give financial help.

Great Britain has already authorised its full second contribution of about £75,000,000.

It is encouraging to note that only two per cent of all Unrra's great expenses is needed to pay its staff. This devoted band of men and women will fight a grim battle this year against the famine that threatens populations in many parts of the world and the plague which follows on severe under-nourishment. We shall pray for their success in their noble struggle.

THE LAST MAN

THE last member of the Australian Test team which came to England 50 years ago has recently died, aged 75. He was Joe Darling, one of the greatest left-handed batsmen that Australia ever produced, and was once recognised as rivalling the great Clem Hill.

Joe Darling first came to this country with an Australian Test side in 1896, and in the succeeding visits in 1899, 1902, and 1905 captained the team. Although not a century-maker in the way that many great batsmen have been, Joe was a consistent scorer, and in 31 appearances against England made 1632 runs, though reaching the century only three times. Apart from his batting he was very good in the field and a pleasure to watch.

WORLD NEWS REEL

THE construction of a 125-mile road from Assam into Tibet will begin soon under the supervision of a British expert.

Two Tiger Moth planes have been bought by the Salvation Army in Australia to assist in their work in the Northern Territory.

The manufacture of the famous Dresden porcelain and china has begun again at Meissen.

Traffic in Shanghai will henceforth keep to the right of the road instead of the left. The change came into force at 6 in the morning not long ago and was announced by a siren, at whose sound vehicles all switched over to the right-hand side of the streets. The change-over was not made without a few accidents.

Open-air performances of Shakespeare will be given again this summer at Kronberg Castle, Elsinore, Denmark. The last production there was before the war when Hamlet was played by John Gielgud and his company.

A yacht which was missing for five days in a recent race from Sydney to Hobart won the race. It was the 34-foot cutter, *Rani*, commanded by Captain J. H. Illingworth, a famous English yachtsman.

TWENTY Japanese soldiers and sailors who had been hiding on Corregidor since its capture by the Americans on February 17 last year recently surrendered.

HOME NEWS REEL

THE type of service provided during the war by the Army Bureau of Current Affairs (A.B.C.A.) is to be established for civilians as a Bureau of Current Affairs by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust.

L.M.S. locomotive sheds are to have shadowless fluorescent lighting to make inspections and repairs easier.

The best-known chimpanzee at the London Zoo, Jackie, has died at the age of 25.

The home of General Gordon at Gravesend was so badly damaged by a rocket that it is to be demolished.

Five Mauritius ninepenny stamps dated 1848 and 1858 were sold recently for £725.

A player at a Chesham whist drive recently had a hand with 13 trumps.

W. HUGH STALKER, aged 16, of Emmanuel School, Wandsworth Common, has won the £100 a year Heberden Organ scholarship at Brasenose College, Oxford. He is organist at St John's Church, Walworth.

More than 700,000 Civil Servants are to have increases in pay.

YOUTH NEWS REEL

THE Scout Wristlet Identification badge belonging to the late Wing Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., has been presented to the Boy Scouts of Canada.

The St Lawrence, Stroud, Scout Group recently paid tribute to four of their members who had given their lives in the war, and after an impressive church service five silver birch trees were planted and dedicated—one for each of the fallen Scouts and one for the late Chief Scout, Lord Somers.

The Boys Brigade Diploma for Gallant Conduct has been awarded to Private George Dickson, age 13, of the 1st Caledon Company, for saving a boy from drowning in deep water in the

Shanghai is now within China's administration, and the Chinese Government is likely to appoint a committee of 14 representative citizens to advise it. Seven of these will be Chinese, three British, three American, and one French.

In Italy, only Venezia-Giulia and Undine now remain under Allied control.

The Crown Jewels and Coronation Regalia of the Holy Roman Empire, which have been returned to Vienna recently, include pieces dating from the 9th century, and also the gold-lettered Bible found on the knees of the Emperor Charlemagne when his tomb was opened. The jewels, stolen by Nazis, were recently found buried at Nuremberg.

A new record for the flight from the U.S. to India has been made by a Skymaster transport plane, which completed the 10,800 miles flight in 44 hours 30 minutes.

Arrangements for the cessation of hostilities between them are being considered by the Chinese National Government and the Communist forces in Chungking.

A YOUNG American who lost a leg in the war has run 100 yards in 13 seconds since being fitted with an artificial leg.

The air mail service from England to Australia now takes about 64 hours; that from England to South Africa takes about 69 hours, while the journey in the reverse direction takes about 62.

The air raid siren at Caterham, Surrey, sounded for the first time since the war to call out the Caterham fire brigade for a chimney fire.

In a game at the recent Hastings International Chess Congress, M. Christoffel, of Switzerland, and his opponent, Mr H. Steiner of Los Angeles, had only two pawns each left at the end. Christoffel had the certain prospect of converting a pawn into a queen, and so Steiner resigned.

On the Cornish coast more than 100 bales of sheeted raw rubber have been washed up. It is thought they come from a ship wrecked near the Eddystone rocks not long ago.

On his 80th birthday Professor Gilbert Murray received a presentation from the Hellenic Society and an address from Hamburg University bearing the signatures of 30 German scholars.

At the first children's party since the war given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House there were 1400 guests.

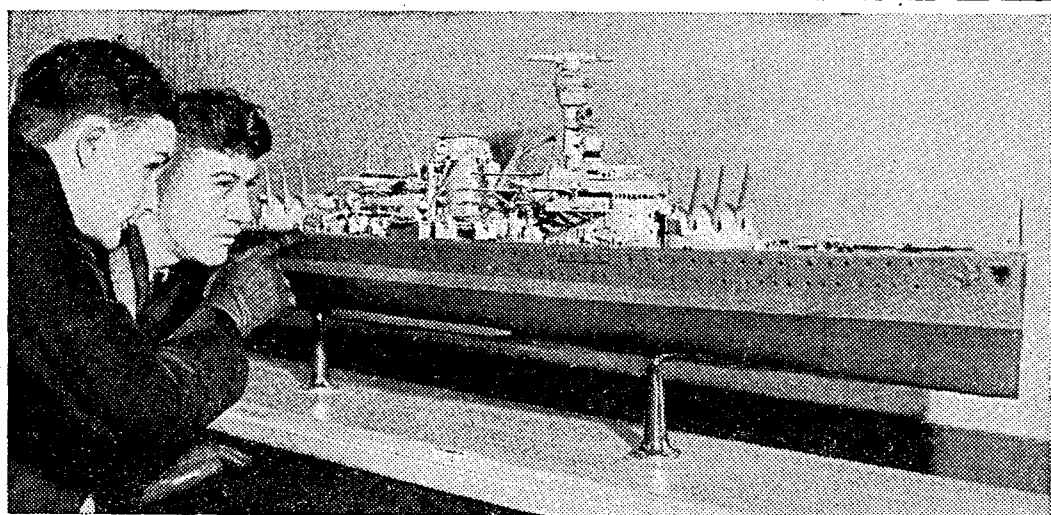
Lifeboats of the R.N.L.I. saved 537 lives in 1945.

River Blackwater, County Tyrone.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Jean Davies, of the 1st Overstrand Brownie Pack, jumped from a breakwater and rescued her little brother who had fallen into the sea. Jean has been awarded the Guide Silver Cross.

A Certificate of Merit has been awarded to Guide Barbara Danroe, of Sussex, for her splendid fortitude while undergoing an operation with a local anaesthetic following a car accident.

The 105th Edinburgh Rover Scout Crew maintain a repair service for wireless headphones used in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.



A Secret Warship Revealed

Two visitors at the Royal United Service Museum, Whitehall, London, examining the model of the Nazi pocket battleship Deutschland, afterwards the Eützow. This model—a perfect one—was discovered at Kiel and brought to Britain.

THE SECRET ROOM

WHILE at work repairing the roof of the 300-year-old York Inn at Churchinford, in Devon, a thatcher, Mr George Elston, fell seven feet through a hole right into another century.

He had fallen into a secret room which has probably been hidden for hundreds of years. On the floor of the chamber, which was ten feet by seven feet, he found an ancient rapier, and in the wall a "thieves' cupboard." The room must have been used by highwaymen who came to the inn for rest and refreshment long ago.

FARM WORKERS' PAY

BRITISH farm workers are disappointed that their claim for an increase in their minimum wage from £3 10s to £4 10s a week has been rejected by the Agricultural Wages Board.

The reason given for the refusal was that the total cost of the farm workers' claims would be about £50,000,000 a year, and that, as the industry's income had probably passed the peak, the industry would not be able to bear the proposed extra financial burden.

The farm workers, however, have secured a reduction of their normal working hours, better pay for women workers, and increased overtime rates. The working hours are to be 48 a week, summer and winter, instead of an average of 50 a week.

The decisions are subject to any views which the county agricultural committees may have to offer.

A Worthy Thankoffering

WHEN people are grumbling about the difficulties of life nowadays someone will often remark: "Well, we ought to be thankful we're alive, and that we haven't lost our dear ones or had our homes destroyed."

There are some who would like to make a thankoffering for their personal survival of the terrible six years which came to an end last August. In Northampton these thoughtful folk have been given such an opportunity. For the Victoria Road Congregational Church there lacks a house for the Minister, and an appeal has been made by the church's secre-

THE CIVIL NURSING RESERVE GOES ON

THAT grand body of women known as the Civil Nursing Reserve, which played so fine a part in our wartime nursing, is not to be disbanded, at any rate not for the present. For the grave shortage of nurses in our hospitals calls for all the organised nursing assistance that is available.

Members of the Civil Nursing Reserve are to have higher salaries, pay for part-time service, and more leave and travel facilities for certain classes.

A special class of the Reserve is being formed for those women who cannot do regular work, but who would be willing to act in such emergencies as an epidemic, or of special pressure on a hospital.

Those who cannot remain in the Reserve will be released according to a prescribed demobilisation plan; but the Minister of Health has made a plea to all who can possibly remain at their posts to do so.

THE VIOLIN-MAKER

ENGLAND has just lost a famous maker of violins—Mr T. E. Hesketh, from whose little shop in Manchester violins have gone all over the world. Mr Hesketh was a craftsman in everything he did, and content to make no more than 20 violins a year. At one time as many as 23 of his violins were in use in the Hallé Orchestra.

For 63 years Mr Hesketh worked in his little shop, earning the praise of men like Sir Thomas Beecham, John Barbirolli, Sir Hamilton Harty, and Jan Kubelik.

tary, Mr S. E. Tommis, for ten business men each to give £100 as a thankoffering for their personal escape from death or injury, or for a son returned home from the war, recovery from illness, or some other blessing. Mr Tommis says his appeal is "a venture in Faith."

The first £100 was soon forthcoming, and a cinema proprietor offered to make collections in his cinema. This "venture in Faith" is a worthy way of enabling people to show gratitude for their good fortune and a reminder to us all to count our blessings instead of hardships.

A FAST ENGINE

THE LNER are planning to build at their Doncaster works a new locomotive of the Pacific type which, it is claimed, will easily be able to beat the 126-mph record set up in 1938 by the Mallard, also of the Pacific class, which was built in Doncaster and driven by a Doncaster crew.

THE DON RETURNS

THE grandest cricket news has come from "down under." The inimitable Don Bradman, one of the greatest geniuses the world of cricket has ever known, has returned to inter-State cricket in Australia after four years of enforced absence from it through fibrositis. Whether the great Don, who is 37, will be fit enough to play in Test matches again remains to be seen.

It would be a great thrill if Australia could be led once again by Bradman and England by Hammond, writes the C N cricket correspondent. But perhaps that is too much to hope for. Both are among the world's greatest cricketers of all time, and both, curiously enough, have had the same physical disability. If these two stars could lead the post-war cricket era, just for a while, what a grand send-off it would be.

Saving Africa's Soil

DR HUGH BENNETT, who is Chief of the U S A Soil Conservation Service, was invited by the Government of South Africa to advise on problems of soil reclamation, for during the past fifty years millions of tons of good soil have been washed down the rivers of South Africa into the sea.

This has happened because of the burning of veld grass, the destruction of forests, and the stripping from the hillsides of their protective covering of bush and scrub.

Dr Bennett travelled many thousands of miles through the Union, and he has now issued his

report. It bears a warning of great importance to South Africans, for he states in it: "I do not know of any part of the world where there are such favourable slopes for carrying out simple preventive measures. But, in spite of that, soil erosion is getting worse, and the estimate that South Africa has already lost 25 per cent of the fertility of its soil is not any too big."

Dr Bennett's warning has created a profound impression in the Union. But there is one bright ray, however. He declares that he has never seen a country which grows trees as easily as South Africa.

MAPS BY THE MILLION

THE increasing use of maps for war purposes was strikingly illustrated the other day by Major C. A. Hart, of the Military Survey, when he told the Royal Geographical Society that between January, 1941, and August 1944 no fewer than 230 million maps were printed, apart from those printed in the field, as compared with 34 million during the 1914-18 war. For the landings in North Africa alone, he said, nine and a half million maps were issued.

Major Hart spoke of the magnificent work done by the Spitfires of the Photographic Reconnaissance Force, and of the assistance which radar had given in the making of maps. By using aircraft fitted with a radar set and a special recording device, it had been possible to make tactical maps of surprising accuracy, and to effect a saving in the taking of photographs by as much as half.

WELDED DESTROYERS

HMS CREOLE, which was launched recently, is the third all-welded destroyer in the British Navy, the other two having been launched several months ago. The plates forming the hull are welded together instead of being joined with rivets, a new method of construction for destroyers. The Crescent class of destroyers which are now being built are all welded throughout.

One of the first all-welded warships in the British Navy was the Seagull, a sloop minesweeper, which was built at Devonport dockyard before the war.

A SHIP'S RECORDS

WHEN HMS Resource, the fleet repair ship, arrived at Portsmouth from the Far East the other day, after serving seven years in foreign waters, she could lay claim to two records: Her commander, Captain D. B. O'Connell, has been in command for five years and ten months—which is believed to be a record for a single sea-going command—and she had been attacked 75 times, but never hit.

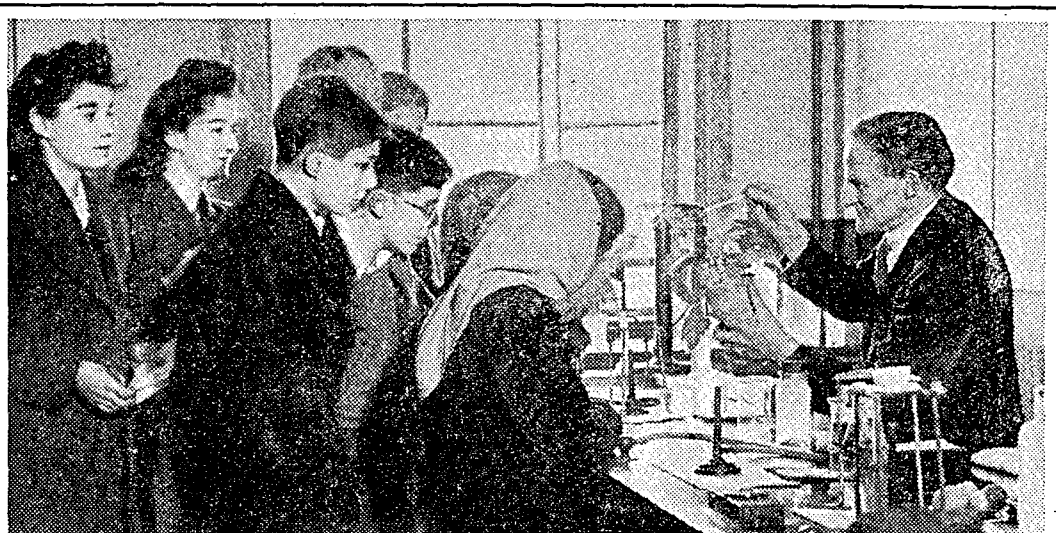
TRADITION IN THE ARMY

The British Army, by Lt-Col Graham Seton Hutchison (Gramoll Publications, 7s 6d).

COLONEL HUTCHISON knows the British Army well. He also has had much experience of boys. And into this little book he has packed a mass of information about the British Army which boys will love to read.

To tell the history of the British Army would require very many large volumes, but here the author contrives to show how the Army has evolved in the course of centuries, the great changes that science has brought about, and yet how the spirit of the Army remains unchanged. There are numerous tales of stirring deeds.

As Field-Marshal Montgomery says in his foreword, "there is far more in tradition than mere sentiment," and this book makes clear, as all who have served will agree, that tradition counts for much in the British Army. Although it is written primarily for boys, many of the Army's old boys will find the book absorbingly interesting.



"Any Questions?"

The L C C has come to the rescue of parents by providing lectures at which young people can have their questions answered. Here, a lecturer at the Chelsea Polytechnic is telling them something about plants.

January 19, 1946

The Children



A Queer Taste—But Nice!

Perhaps Daphne Richards (right) has a dim memory of eating bananas for she is 12, but it is certainly the first time the other three ever tasted them, and judging by their expressions they approve of the new delicacy. They were at Avonmouth as the first full cargo of bananas for many years was unloaded.

A March That Made History

A former member of the C N staff and an ex-prisoner of war has sent us this account of personal experiences.

THIS coming week-end will be an occasion for remembrance in thousands of British homes, for it marks the first anniversary of the start of a march that was surely one of the strangest and cruellest in history.

Those prisoners of war who were working in Eastern European countries will remember the time only too well—the weeks of rumours and counter-rumours, the fear of the Germans, and the hope of our own men that the reports of rapidly-advancing Russian troops were true.

Then on January 19 the news was confirmed—the Russians were over-running German occupied territory. East Prussia, West Prussia—where would they stop? The order came to evacuate. Some thousands of prisoners were ordered to march. Packing their few belongings on their backs, or dragging them on sleds or other home-made conveyances, they set out.

In some cases they marched not for a day, as they had hoped; not for a week even, but for three long and terrible months. Through West Russia to Pomerania, across Pomerania Bay by way of the river ferry, on through the province of Mecklenburg-Schwerin into Saxony, and so to the great railway junction of Stendal, where they were finally liberated by the Allies on April 13.

The hardships and privations of those three months are indescribable. Thirty to forty kilometres (twenty to twenty-five miles) was a normal day's marching. Many fell by the way, worn out and hungry—for it was a fortunate column that met the Red Cross—but those who stayed the course and came safely through speak seldom of their experiences, for such things as they endured are best left untold.

COLD, ISN'T IT?

HARRY WEISER, a teacher of English language and literature in Moscow, tells in an American magazine something of his Russian students' difficulties in learning English.

Among the many problems that baffle the Russian is our common expression (much in use just now), "Cold, isn't it?" He wants to know whether this is a question or a statement, and is puzzled when told it is not exactly either—or, in a manner of speaking, it is both; and when he is told that the usual answer to this (really rather idiotic) remark is: "Yes, isn't it?" he is quite bewildered, for, he says: "How do two people know when to stop asking 'Yes, isn't it?' They might go on saying it for ever!"

Russian students are dismayed, too, when they learn that "to call on," "to call for," "to call to," "to call up," "to call after," have all different meanings.

However, in spite of these and many other complexities, there are far more Russians eager to learn English than there are, at present, teachers for them, says Mr Weiser.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Our Pied Pipers

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS made some very pertinent remarks the other day.

He pointed out that scientists during the war were called in to solve every problem in a never-ending duel of wits with the enemy; they were important people then, but the atmosphere was apt to change when the danger of war had passed.

Heeding his warning, we must not be like the people of Hamelin who forgot the Pied Piper's services when he had got rid of their rats. We, too, will suffer if we neglect our Pied Pipers—our scientists. We must not only reward them for their wartime services, we must remember they can perform equally great services for us in peace—if we let them.

The C N agrees with Sir Stafford Cripps when he pleads for a higher status for scientists and a continued drive in research.

BOM

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, tireless as ever in his efforts to reform the English and their customs, has written a column-long letter to the Times making yet another appeal for phonetic spelling. He underlines his case by drawing attention to the amount of time which writers of the English-speaking world must waste by spelling bomb as *bomb* and not as *bom*.

Mr Shaw has a good case, and he expounds it with his usual wit and skill. But it will be of no avail, we are afraid; reason is so often unheeded in this unreasonable world. Writers have been spelling bomb with the unsounded b for centuries; and they will refuse to spell it *bom*, just as they will refuse to spell George *Jorj*.

Surely what everyone needs is not so much the disappearance of one letter from bomb as the disappearance of all bombs.

CARRY ON

Byron's Prayer

FATHER of Light on Thee I call;
Thou seest my soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek to sects unknown;
O, point to me the path of truth;
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend the faults of youth.

LIVING BOOKS

LEARNING is acquired by reading books; but the much more necessary learning, the knowledge of the world, is only to be acquired by reading men, and studying all the various editions of them.

Lord Chesterfield

CHARTER OF THE

The first meeting of the United Nations is taking place in London. Here we give the preamble of their historic Charter.

WE, the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and value of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and to promote social progress and better stan-

The Lea

WORDS that fall from the lips of Sir John Anderson are always worth noting, for it is generally agreed that he is one of the ablest of our statesmen.

Speaking in London the other day, Sir John said that Britain would have to submit to a regime of the strictest economy for two years, perhaps three. This period, he said, was the shortest possible time in which

Under the E

A DULL razor blade is better for the skin than a sharp one, says a doctor. How about the beard?

A MAN says that counting money is monotonous. Depends on how much you have.

A FILM-STAR'S favourite hobby is tree climbing. Hopes to get to the top of the tree.

ENGLISH films are coming to the fore. We would rather they came to our local cinema.

PETER WANT K.M.



If anyone a new

A VALUABLE EDUCATION CONFERENCE

VARIED, interesting, and important were the topics discussed at a recent conference of the Educational Associations held in London. Here are a few of the points which speakers made.

A plea for the independence of our public schools was made by Mr J. Howard Whitehouse, warden of Bembridge School, who stressed their great contribution to individual progress and to the country.

This champion of scholastic freedom suggested certain reforms in our public school system, one of which was the abolition of the fagging system which, he thought, was harmful and caused unhappiness. Instead, he favoured a development of the wartime practice of sharing domestic duties.

Mr Whitehouse also pleaded for the proper teaching and practice of art in our schools. Youth today, he said, would respond to true leadership in art and would build again a beautiful world.

The study of craftsmanship, he added, increased mental powers and gave boys an understanding of beauty and standards of criticism. It also provided a rest and contrast from book work and

provided hobbies which, as the boys grew older, would make them more resourceful and enlarge their sympathies.

Mr Cyril Winn, Chief Inspector of Schools for the Ministry of Education, spoke of the need for further developments in music teaching, and announced that residential grammar schools with a strong bias to music were to be opened for boys and girls.

Mr S. H. Wood, Chairman of the German Educational Reconstruction Group, spoke of what had been done in preparing German teachers and social workers who were refugees in Britain for the task of re-educating young Germany. These teachers, together with the many teachers and other professional workers in Germany who did not acknowledge Nazism, should, he thought, be entrusted with the future education of Germany, provided that all were properly prepared for their task.

Lady Sheana Simon referred to the attitude of school teachers towards parents as one of armed defence rather than close partnership, and suggested that a Parents-Teachers' Association should be formed in every school.

A Great Island Goes Back to France

BRITISH troops are leaving Madagascar, and this New Year will see France re-entering into full possession of this rich and fertile island, in the fiftieth year since it became a French colony.

Even today Madagascar is comparatively unexplored and very largely undeveloped, though much was done to bring it under good order and discipline by a French soldier and administrator, General Gallieni, who won further fame in the First World War.

But it is interesting that it was British arms and discipline which made it possible for the Hova dynasty, in the early part of the last century, to conquer the rival chiefs and make a single kingdom in the island. The last of the Hova line, Queen Ranavalona III, who had reigned

since 1883, was conquered by the French just fifty years ago, and exiled to Algeria, where she died in 1916. Her ancestor, the first of the Hova monarchs, had the name of Andrianimpoinimerina, and it was he who welcomed British aid 130 years ago.

His son, Radama I, was a good ruler, who abolished the export slave trade, encouraged English missionaries, and gave his people the beginnings of a literature. But unfortunately, when Queen Ranavalona I succeeded him in 1828, she instituted repressive measures, drove out the missionaries, and persecuted their native converts.

After her death in 1861, her son Radama II changed all this, and Europeans again entered Madagascar. Under Queen Ranavalona II many of the people became converted to Christianity.

To Those

THE people are crying to you for command, and you stand there at pause, and silent; you think they don't want to be commanded. Try them; determine what is needful for them; honourable for them; show it them, promise to bring them to it and they will follow you through fire.

Govern us, they cry with one heart, though many minds.

They can be governed still, these English. They love their old ways yet, and their old masters, and their old land. They will fain live in it, as many as may stay there, if you will show them how there to live.

It is but a little island. Suppose, little as it is, you were to fill it with friends? To fill this little island with true friends—men brave, wise, and happy! Is it so impossible, think you,

UNITED NATIONS

dards of life in larger freedom, and for these ends to practise tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours, and to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security, and by the accepting of principles and the institution of methods to insure that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and by the employment of international machinery for the promotion of economic and social advancement of all peoples, have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims.

Accordingly, our respective Governments have agreed to the present charter of the United Nations and do hereby establish an international organisation to be known as the United Nations.

n Years

we could increase the volume of our exports sufficiently to bring a balanced economy.

This is what we may have to face. One thing is certain, however. The time which it will take to make Britain a place of plenty once again will be measured precisely by the amount and the pace of effort and skill which are put into the industrial tasks ahead of us.

itor's Table

PUCK'S TO DW **FL**AGS are to be flown from San Francisco to London. When they get here they will fly again.

A **POPULAR** melody is said to have been written by accident. Most are written by composers.

GARDENERS want to know if there is anything new in flower seeds. Only new life.

A **MAN** says he comes from a line of woollen dances merchants. A sort of reel clothes line.

Who Rule

after the world's hundreds of years of Christianity, and our own thousand years of toil, to fill only this little, white, gleaming crag with happy creatures, helpful to each other?

Where are men ever to be happy if not in England? By whom shall they ever be taught to do right if not by you? Are we not of a race first among the strong ones of the earth, the blood in us incapable of weariness, unconquerable by grief? Have we not a history of which we can hardly think without becoming insolent in our just pride of it?

John Ruskin

Each to Himself

LET every man prove his own work and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

For every man shall bear his own burden. Galatians 6

Cain's Question

THE other evening the BBC's Director of Religious Broadcasting said that they had been seeking for a Biblical text which would most nearly attune with these present days of international dislocation, and that they had chosen Cain's question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" as a theme for certain broadcasts.

Here, indeed, is a splendid keynote for these troublesome times. Am I my brother's keeper? to which the answer, of course, is "Yes," signifies that we, as individuals and nations, are interdependent. We cannot say that other people and other nations do not matter to us.

By the spirit of worldwide human integration alone shall we make 1946 and the years beyond an era of peace, reviving happiness and true Christian brotherhood.

Miss Greathart

CHILDREN everywhere, mothers everywhere, and good works everywhere, have lost a true friend with the passing of Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.

A woman of great public spirit, she devoted her long life to the service of humanity and a fearless championship of unpopular causes. Many were her successes, but the one which probably meant most of all to her was when the Family Allowances Bill was made Law.

For over 20 years she had pleaded, argued, and battled for family allowances, and when the final debate on the Bill took place in the House of Commons she was there, against her doctor's orders—a frail but valiant figure witnessing a dream come true.

Eleanor Rathbone's talents, and they were many, were always unswervingly supported by the kindest of hearts. There is an epitaph for a noble woman.

JUST AN IDEA

National unity begins with you and your next-door neighbour.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

A **SWEET** attractive kind of grace, A full assurance given by looks, Continual comfort in a face, The lineaments of Gospel books! I trow that countenance cannot lie

Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was ever eye did see that face, Was ever ear did hear that tongue, Was ever mind did mind his grace That ever thought the travel long? [thought] But eyes and ears, and every Were with his sweet perfections caught.

Did never love so sweetly breathe In any mortal breast before, Did never Muse inspire beneath A poet's brain with finer store? He wrote of love with high conceit, [height.] And beauty reared above her

Matthew Roydon, 1580-1622

The Miner at the Party

Of all the parties held during recent weeks none could have been merrier than that held at The Center in a north-country town. This is how it all began.

A FEW years ago a miner set off one night to go to the cinema. It was a very wet night and very cold, and as he went through the dark streets he heard the stamping of feet in a shop doorway. Two boys were there, sheltering from the rain and trying to keep warm. The miner suggested that they should "get off home" and play indoors. "Can't," came the terse reply.

They explained that their father was a soldier and "mum" was working. The miner walked on, but soon retraced his steps, having changed his mind about the cinema. Approaching the boys again he told them he had a grand shed at the back of his house, and if they could play darts he would be glad if they would teach him. The lads agreed, and before long they were playing together like old chums. Later that evening the miner wondered if there were many more children about like these two boys. There were.

So he began a Center for boys and girls. Others heard about it and wanted to help. The shed soon became too small; a larger one was obtained, but that, too, became uncomfortably full. Then a more permanent hall was built and furnished, and was known far and wide as The Center. It became a real centre of good comradeship. Then the miner thought he should do something about Sundays as well. So he invited his young friends to come to The Center on Sunday.

At the end of five years there were fifty members of The Center and fifty Sunday-school scholars. So it was decided to celebrate with a Christmas party, and a merry affair it proved to be. As happy as any of the young people at the party was the miner himself. "And to think," he said, "it all began like this."

THE LIGHT THAT LIGHTENETH

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Patricia, a blind "Sunshine Baby," has suddenly become famous; and all because of a simple question to which Christopher Stone referred in his broadcast appeal for the Wireless for the Blind Fund.

Patricia asked her question recently while Stewart Granger, the actor, was preparing for a film for the National Institute for the Blind, in the final "shot" of which she had to sit on his knee. Happening to touch the exposure meter, she wanted to know all about it, and was told it measured light. "What is light?" asked the blind child.

The question, heard by everyone on the studio set, made such an impression that work on the film had to be temporarily suspended. Then someone passed round the hat, and a substantial sum was collected. Part of this bought Patricia a fairy tricycle, the remainder was paid into the Post Office Savings Bank.

Among the thousands of letters now being received by the Fund in Great Portland Street, London, are frequent references to Patricia, mostly from people with Patricias of their own.

BACK TO THE TOWER

THAT picturesque stronghold of British history, the Tower of London, is once more open to the public, little the worse for its wartime bombings.

There is no building in all the world, save perhaps Westminster Abbey, where a visitor can feel himself at such close quarters with our old island story. For nine centuries it has stood like a sentinel by London's river—strong, immovable, and seemingly unchangeable.

Many are the uses to which the Tower has been put since William the Conqueror called upon his friend Gundulf to build him an impregnable fortress in the conquered capital.

Down to Queen Elizabeth's day it was a royal residence in times of stress. As the headquarters of the Knights of the Bath, one of its chapels was the scene of their lonely vigils when they dedicated themselves to knightly service. As a court of justice (and so often, alas, in the days when ambition and intolerance knew no bounds, a court of injustice) it has witnessed frequent trials. As a prison and place of execution it has scarred the pages of England's story. Truly has the history of the Tower of London been written in tears and blood.

A Perfect Norman Keep

The White Tower was always the main part of the structure. Now a museum for arms and other relics, it is a perfect example of a Norman keep, with dungeons and guard-rooms below, banqueting hall, chapel, and living-rooms above. Never did English dungeon hold such lordly prisoners as this—David of Scotland, King John of France, John Balliol, Margaret of Anjou. Imprisoned here, too, were other noble souls keeping faith unto death.

Round the White Tower, William Rufus strengthened the fortress by building a wall with 13 towers. Inside this inner wall are Tower Green, where Lady Jane Grey, Katherine Howard, and Elizabeth's Earl of Essex were executed, and the chapel of St Peter-in-Chains, last resting-place of so many victims.

In the reigns of Henry the Third and Edward the First, a second, outer, wall was built, with six defensive towers on its river side, three bastions on its north, and a broad, deep moat. The Traitor's Gate was an im-

pressive river entrance of grim significance.

Truly, many towers has the Tower of London, and each one has its story: Byward Tower where the Scottish lords taken at Culloden were confined, and other sufferers scratched messages on the walls; Bell Tower, from where Bishop Fisher, awaiting execution, sent his piteous appeal for clothes, food, and warmth, and from where Sir Thomas More walked forth to the executioner's block on Tower Hill; the Martin Tower, from which Colonel Blood, in Charles II's day, stole the Crown Jewels (which are not yet back in their place); and the famous Bloody Tower where Raleigh passed much of his imprisonment writing his History of the World, and the two princes were most foully murdered.

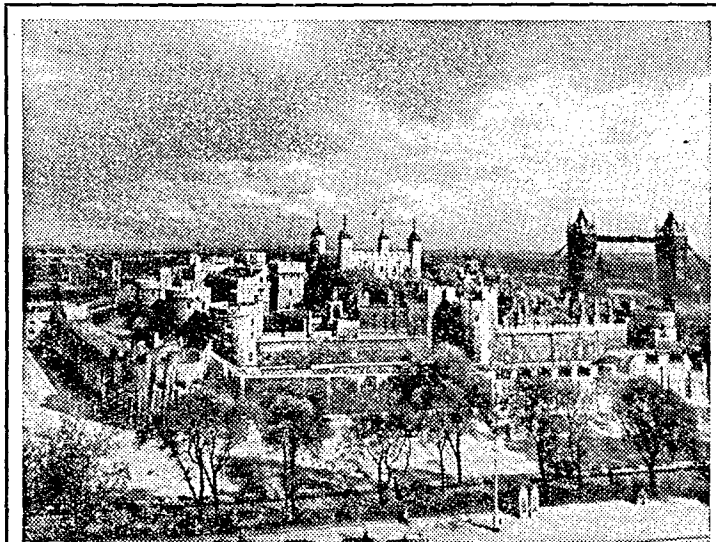
Those are but a few of the towers, and but a few of the illustrious names in their long story. Here, indeed, we have been able merely to hint at the wealth of interest and drama which this ancient fortress holds.

Much water has flowed past the Tower of London since Gundulf the Norman first raised those white walls of Caen stone; and scenes of terror innumerable has it gazed upon. But it is a place of terror no more. All that has passed. The Tower of London remains a noble spectacle, for all to see, and none to look upon without a realisation that it enshrines the very stuff of history.

A Joyful Re-Union

THE old proverb that Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder has been proved true in the case of Lance-Corporal Sheldrake of Chadwell Heath, Essex, and his wife. They were married in 1933 and are only now settling down to make their home. Three days after his wedding Lance-Corporal Sheldrake—a soldier at that time—was ordered overseas. During all these long 12 years they only saw each other again once—for six hours—when he came on leave in 1935. He was taken prisoner at Singapore.

In their hearts the light of faith never died out.



THIS ENGLAND

The Tower of London and Tower Bridge

London's Huguenot School

A ROMANTIC link in London's history, which looked like being broken, may be preserved if the trustees of the French Protestant Church can secure the approval of the Ministry of Education for a plan they have in mind.

They want to turn their now-empty school in Noel Street, off Oxford Street, into a hostel for young folk from France coming here to attend our universities.

The school building, closed last summer, is neither ancient nor lovely to look at. It was built toward the end of last century, and would be taken for an L.C.C. school of the older type.

But this school was really 395 years old when it had to close, because there were too few children to keep it in being. It began when the Huguenots first came over here in 1550, fleeing from religious persecution in France. The boy king of England, Edward VI, gave the French exiles a great church in Austin Friars, in the City, which they shared with the Dutch refugees.

This lasted only for about a year, however. For the Huguenots were an independent body, proud and keen to be on their own. They already had a schoolroom for their boys and girls. In 1551 they were building their own fine church on land they had bought in Threadneedle Street, and with it a proper schoolhouse. There they stayed for nearly 300 years. Then they had to give up their church and school to make room for the new Stock Exchange. They moved in 1841 to St Martin's-le-Grand, where they remained for some forty years. Then they hired buildings in Oxford Street until their new church and school were completed in 1893.

But it was the same school, with the same tradition. It was intended for French Protestant children, but the people of Soho soon discovered how healthy and comfortable the buildings were, and how excellent the teaching, both in French and English. So other children than French, and Catholics as well as Protestants, began to attend.

The numbers were sometimes as high as 300. But the First World War brought a sad change. The French population of London began to fall in 1914, and there were fewer than a hundred children at the school in 1920; by 1939 the number had fallen to 50, and very few of these were French.

Evacuation in the blitz brought further decay. And when the evacuees returned, after three years, it was to meet the doodle-bugs. That was the last blow. Only a dozen boys and girls were left. So the school was closed last summer, and the children were sent to the French Lycée in South Kensington.

But the school itself remained in excellent condition, in spite of the bombs which had fallen all around; and when the people of Soho heard that it was to become a factory next summer they were deeply disturbed.

Now the trustees have worked out a scheme which, if the Ministry of Education gives its consent, will hand over the premises to a purpose in keeping with their history.

A REAL BALKAN PROBLEM

THE Big Three debated the Balkan, among many other questions, at their recent meeting in Moscow, and we are told that they reached fruitful agreement. We sincerely hope so.

But the real Balkan problem has never yet been approached satisfactorily, and its difficulties have bred one war after another. What is the truth then? Surely that politics have been the bane of all the fine Balkan peoples, because they have been driven into war by false nationalistic aspirations again and again when what the ordinary men and women longed for all the time was peace, a true unity in which mischievous and ambitious princes and politicians should have no power to breed artificial hatreds.

Roughly, it may be said that among the Balkan peoples the Greeks are the merchants and seamen, the Rumanians are the tillers of the soil, the Serbs and Croats and Bulgars are the stock-breeders. If the frontiers in this part of the world could be forgotten, a rich and happy Balkan State might arise in which each of its peoples could carry on the work for which they are best fitted, without quarrelling over which of them should "possess" some particular disputed strip of mountainland or coastline.

Writers like Michael Padev, who knows the Balkans well, are agreed that complete federation is not only possible, but the only real and final solution in peace of the truly grievous "Balkan problem."

A Swiss Good Samaritan

A LOVELY and gracious war story which can now be told is that of Madame Mildred Vallotton, of Lausanne. A Scot by birth, her kindness, sympathy, and practical help will long be remembered by many Scottish prisoners-of-war.

It all began in a very simple way. Madame Vallotton read in an English newspaper, after Dunkirk, that a certain Colonel Smail, whom she had known years ago in Dundee, was taken prisoner-of-war. She got his camp address and secured news of other Scottish men in imprisonment. She started to send them food parcels from Switzerland, and wrote to their families in Scotland. She was soon corresponding with 170 prisoners and their families and sending the men-parcels. When food from Switzerland was stopped she arranged for food from America.

Madame Vallotton organised her work with true Scottish economy. The Dundee boys in one German camp would send a message to her: "The Dundee gang are all fit and keep smiling." The Dundee gang's names were all known to a correspondent in Scotland, who immediately informed their individual families. Not only with Scots did Madame Vallotton do her good Samaritan work, but with Indians, Cypriots, Cretans, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen, thus acting in the true spirit of the original Samaritan who knew no distinction between the nations in his service to humanity.

Saturn at His Nearest to Us

THE planet Saturn was at his nearest to us on Saturday, January 12, and so is about 745 million miles away and nearer than he has been for almost 30 years.

This circumstance coincides with the fact that his grand array of encircling Rings now appear opened out to almost their widest extent, as seen from the Earth, so Saturn now appears at his brightest, and telescopically at his greatest and grandest.

Saturn will not come any nearer, for he has now passed the perihelion point of his vast orbit (that is, his nearest point to the Sun), and for nearly 15 years he will continue to recede; so each year, as he comes round into our night skies, he will appear slightly less bright.

Owing to Saturn's apparent proximity to the planet Mars, as indicated by our star-map, observers may now readily find him. On Tuesday next, January 22, they will appear at their nearest together with Mars above Saturn; afterwards, Mars, as he continues that retrograde motion described in the C.N. for January 5, will appear more to the right of Saturn. Actually, nearly 700 million miles separate these two worlds since Mars is now only 62 million miles away from us as compared with the immense distance of Saturn.

When seen through a telescope, and even more so in the case of small telescopes, Saturn is at present the great rival of Mars for interest. A telescope of only two-inch aperture will show Saturn's unique Rings encircling his great sphere like the rim of a hat tilted back, for we now see the south, or underneath, side of the Rings; but if, as is most likely, an astronomical telescope is being used, all this will appear inverted. Saturn's largest moon, Titan, would also be seen at some distance away from the edge of the Rings.

THE TELL-TALE POLAROGRAPH

ONE of the conspicuous directions of scientific progress in recent years has been in the way of measuring almost infinitely small traces of materials.

An instrument that is already proving of immense value in detecting the infinitely little is the polarograph, which records on a drum covered with sensitive photographic paper the presence of tiny quantities of metals present in a liquid.

The polarograph is used for the detection of exceedingly small traces of chemicals in a great number of institutions and industries. An example is the recent discovery that excessively minute traces of the element boron present in the soil in which grape vines are grown has been responsible for the bouquet of certain rare wines.

The polarograph was invented by Professor J. Heyrovsky, of Prague University, and consists of a simple glass cell containing the liquid to be analysed, and a tiny tube—a capillary tube—

Titan would appear at present (about January 19) to the east or right of the Rings, as seen through an astronomical telescope. It takes Titan 15 days, 22 hours, 41 minutes to travel round in his orbit, so in about eight days he will have sped round to the opposite side of the Rings. By January 27, therefore, Titan should be found to the left of the Rings and apparently at a distance of about 4½ times the greatest apparent width of the Rings. This amounts to 169,300 miles, and the distance of Titan from the centre of Saturn's sphere averages about 771,000 miles. Thus we can see what this immense span of space looks like at the distance of Saturn.

Titan is nearly as large as Mars, being 3550 miles in diameter compared with the 4200 miles of Mars. It has thus the dimensions of a world capable of retaining an atmosphere, and therefore differs from our Moon. Evidence has been found of an atmosphere in which methane predominates, at least in its upper layers where such intense cold exists that only such a gas as methane or ammonia would remain gaseous. For at the distance of Titan the Sun would average only about one-ninth of the width that he appears to us, while the amount of heat Saturn or Titan receives from the Sun would average only one-eightieth of what we receive; though at the present time, owing to Saturn's much reduced distance, the heat received would amount to one sixty-fifth.

Two more satellites of Saturn, Tethys and Rhea, would be glimpsed under the good conditions of a clear, dark night, if a telescope of 3-inch aperture were used. Higher powers are needed for the remaining six moons. It can thus be seen what a fund of interest Saturn provides, particularly as the Rings gradually appear to close up and finally vanish, as will happen in about seven years' time.

G. F. M.

BEDTIME CORNER

PICTURED PROVERB



Who plays a dangerous game with fire
May well get badly burnt,
As other boys who've tried this
Have very quickly learnt.

A Shock For Snowball

SNOWBALL, the white kitten, pressed her small pink nose against the window pane and stared out into a white world. It was the first fall of snow that the kitten had seen. "I must look into this," she miaowed, and jumping down from the window-ledge went out into the garden.

Cautiously she sniffed at the snow, then she tried to eat it. "Urgh! How cold it is!" she gasped in surprise.

Lifting her small paws very high, Snowball took a few steps forward. Suddenly she vanished—she had walked into a deep drift. Spluttering with alarm, the kitten scrambled out and shook the snow from her fur.

On the lawn a space had been swept clear and some scraps put down for the birds. A robin, a blackbird, and several starlings were thankfully making a meal. Seeing the birds, Snowball forgot her fright and began to creep stealthily towards them. But the blackbird saw Snowball; his cry of alarm warned the others, and they all flew off. "Bother!" said the kitten.

At that moment there came a thud and Snowball disappeared. A huge fall of snow had slid from the roof of the house and buried the kitten beneath it.

With a startled howl, Snowball wriggled free and fled indoors. Sitting before the kitchen fire, her fur was soon dry and she began to purr contentedly. But she decided not to play in the snow any more.

A MORNING PRAYER

MAKE me this day think on my loyalty to Thee, dear God in Heaven above, nor let me forget my loyalty to those I love also here on earth below, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen

The Children's Newspaper, January 19, 1946

BRITAIN AND SIAM FRIENDS AGAIN

BRITAIN and India have signed their first Peace Treaty with a wartime enemy. The Treaty is with Siam, and it has brought to an end four unhappy years of enmity between former friends. Such rapid and satisfactory ending of a quarrel is an example in peacemaking to all the United Nations.

Our peace terms were not severe, and perhaps the most important of them is that Siam is to hand over, free of cost, 1,500,000 tons of her present surplus rice for distribution among the hungry populations in the East. This is the only reparation we are exacting from Siam for the harm she inflicted on her neighbours by allowing herself to be dragged into the war by the predatory Japanese.

We may be sure that the Siamese people are grateful for the generous peace we have made with them; for many of them, perhaps a big majority, were opposed to their semi-Fascist government when it declared war on us in January, 1942. It must have seemed ironical then to these care-free, friendly people that the official name of their country, Thailand, means 'The Land of the Free'. For what had happened was that when Japan came knocking at their door the ruling clique in Siam, headed by the tyrant, Luang Pibul, gladly welcomed the invaders and at their behest declared war on Siam's old friend Britain.

As a reward to this small group of Siamese quislings, the would-be conquerors of Asia handed over to Siam in 1943 four British

Commonwealth Malay states which they had overrun, as well as two Shan states snatched from Burma. Quite rightly, under the Peace Treaty, these territories return to British protection.

Siam has always been one of the great rice granaries of south-eastern Asia, and before the war Siamese farmers, with the help of over 11 million bullocks and buffaloes, produced a surplus for export worth about £8,000,000. Peoples in neighbouring lands depended on this surplus for their livelihood, but during the war they were cut off from it, and the lack of it contributed towards widespread hunger in India and elsewhere. Meanwhile, a surplus of rice accumulated in Siam from which the 1,500,000 tons is to be handed over. It is not a great sacrifice when one considers that in the year before she entered the war Siam produced close on five millions tons of rice.

The outpouring of rice again from this rich land will be a great benefit to millions in the East, for the Treaty provides that as well as handing over 1,500,000 tons, Siam is to sell her surplus rice to an organisation sponsored by Great Britain until September 1, 1947. In this organisation will be representatives of Britain, the U.S. and Siam. Siam's valuable export trade in tin, rubber, and teak will also be controlled by United Nations economic authorities until September, 1947.

In addition, Siam undertakes to restore all British property taken or damaged in Siam during the war and, of course, reopen trade with Britain, India, and other countries, and to conform with economic arrangements made by the United Nations.

Britain and India agree to support Siam's candidature to be a member of the United Nations.

By this Treaty the sad past is wiped out and once again Siam joins the Family of Nations.

A Long Life of Service

WORKING at the age of six in a rope factory for 12 hours a day for half-a-crown a week, and earning another shilling by helping in a barber's shop at the week-ends—that was the beginning of the working career of Will Thorne, Privy Councillor, who died recently aged 88.

Will Thorne was born in Birmingham in 1857, and came to London by the only means he could afford, by walking, as a young man of 24. He was then married and had two children. He settled in the East End, and the East End remained his home for the rest of his long life, which was devoted to the service of working folk. He was one of the founders of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, and became its secretary, a post he held for 45 years.

After being MP for West Ham divisions for almost 40 years, Will Thorne decided not to contest his seat at the last election. He was then the oldest member of the House, and he had long been one of its most respected.

A Son of Heaven No More

WHAT was for many Japanese almost as shattering a blow as the atom bombs was the recent declaration by their emperor, Hirohito, that he was not divine. To many simple-minded Japanese this statement, coming from the "Imperial Son of Heaven of Great Japan," was completely bewildering, for belief in the divine origin of the emperor is part of one of the Japanese religions, Shintoism, and it was doubtless that belief that led thousands of Japanese soldiers to throw away their lives in the war.

According to Shintoism the emperors of Japan are all descended in a direct line from the first emperor, Jimmu, who was the grandson of the sun-goddess, Amaterasu. This religion also taught that the Japanese people were divinely destined to rule the world, and this also Hirohito denied in his New Year message to his people.

The militarists who ruled Japan before and during the war made a great deal of this belief in the Emperor's divinity in order to instil fanaticism into the people. But now the militarists' teaching has been turned against them, for they always insisted that the Emperor's word was law and the Japanese have heard Hirohito's own phrase: 'The Emperor is not a living god.'

The Japanese people must now aim at a place in the family of nations; as equals in a world brotherhood, not as "divinely destined" bosses.

SACKBUT & SHAWM

CANON FRANCIS GALPIN, who has passed away at the great age of 87, won distinction chiefly through his unflinching interest in music and musical instruments. He was, indeed, our greatest authority on ancient musical instruments and owned a unique collection.

This was a hobby which had fascinated him from his student days at Cambridge. "From that red-letter day," he wrote, "when I secured my first 'Serpent' and carried the evil beast home to awaken the echoes of Trinity Great Court, at one time the acquisition and now, I am thankful to say, the more economical appreciation of all kinds of musical instruments have given zest to holidays and recreation to leisure hours."

That "Serpent" was a snake-like invention of the late 16th century which lingered on, unwieldy as it was, until the 19th century; but, as Thomas Hardy's village shoemaker said, in Under the Greenwood Tree: "There's worse things than serpents. Old things pass away, tis true, but a serpent was a good old note, a deep, rich note was the serpent."

Canon Galpin knew all about the Serpent and many other "old things that pass away"; moreover, he could play them. Humstrum and sultana, sackbut and double-shawm, pan-pipes and gittern—all these old instruments and many more, so often pictured in medieval pictures and carved in our churches, he knew and wrote about.

In his book on Old English Instruments of Music a standard work, he traced their origins back to remote times and remote places. It is impossible to read it without capturing some of the author's enthusiasm for his fascinating hobby-horse.

APOSTLE OF TURKESTAN

IN faraway Chungking recently a friend of the CN met a Scot who came home for his last visit to Britain 45 years ago. He is Mr George Hunter of Aberdeen, and today he is still tramping the roads of Central Asia on his self-appointed Christian mission.

At the time of the meeting Mr Hunter was living alone in a small room with a Union Jack as a bedspread, and he had erected two thick canvas curtains to keep out the cold draughts, so that the little room was like a nomad's tent so familiar to George Hunter on the plains of Turkestan. He had come by river to Chungking to collect a supply of Bibles for distribution.

It was in 1889 that he went out from Aberdeen to give his life to the nomad people of the vast areas which lie in Asia, bordering on China. Now still living alone, stooping a little, with a black cloth cap and a beard, George Hunter refuses to give up his dedicated task.

Age and white hair are respected among Chinese and Mongolians, and many travellers will enter George Hunter's tent, which he sets up by the roadside, and talk with him about the Scriptures and the Christian faith. During the day he will stroll about the market towns, through which the camels are coming and going, with Scripture portions in his pockets and start conversation.

After so many years of mixing with the varied tribesmen he is able to speak enough Russian, Tibetan, Mongolian, Turki, and Quazak to make himself well understood.

When Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek visited Lanchow, in 1942, Mr Hunter was invited to meet him. Mr Hunter stood among the guests without speaking, with bowed head and quiet, saintly face. But it was with him that the Generalissimo had the longest talk.

Living like a gipsy with his books round him this modern apostle of Turkestan is cared for by one old servant. He has taken on many of the habits of the camel drivers and the caravan leaders among whom he works. He buries his summer vegetables in the ground in preparation for winter food, and he knows where the best melons are to be had and where the finest Tibetan butter comes from.

"I have often wondered," says a recent visitor, "why he should have left our modern civilisation to go to such a barbarous and remote place for the rest of his life. Without Christianity no man could have stood such hardships and so lonely a life."

Every night he lights an oil lamp in his room or tent, and through the darkness a few figures will follow the glimmer and sit down by the side of George Hunter while he expounds the Scriptures. By day he will sit with the camel drivers, who regard him as a prophet, and in their own language convey eternal truths.



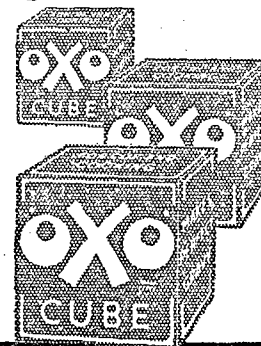
Your child must have long hours of unbroken, restful sleep if she is to grow and gain as Nature intended. When stomach upsets rob her of this needful sound rest, a small dose of *'Milk of Magnesia' will soon put the little one at ease. 'Milk of Magnesia' also acts as a gentle laxative. Mothers everywhere depend upon it because it is so mild and harmless. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

**'MILK OF
MAGNESIA'**

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



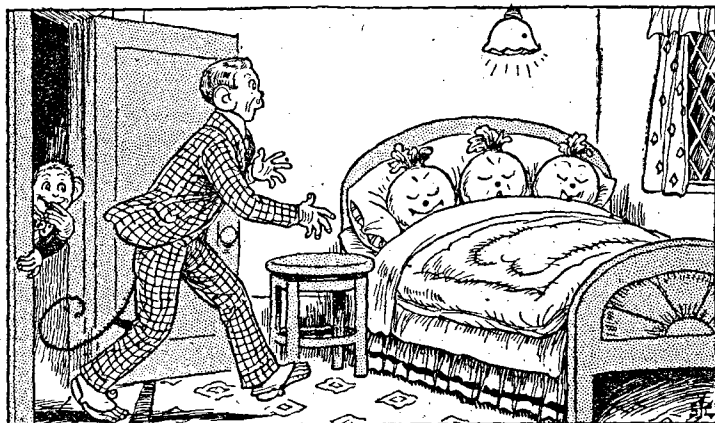
Little and Good!



Just like the
OXO Cube—the
little that means
so much.

THE BRAN TUB

Jacko's Strange Guests



BROTHER Adolphus had been unkind to Jacko, so Jacko planned a little surprise for him. He found three large turnips, painted realistic faces on them, and placed them in Adolphus's bed. When Adolphus went upstairs at bedtime he nearly jumped out of his skin. "Who are these people in my bed?" he shouted. "Wake up!" he cried, and shook the bed. "Oh, one of their heads has fallen off!" he gasped; and Jacko ran away.

UNKNOWN

As he lifted the receiver the office magnate recognised his small son's voice, and in reply to the inquiry, "Who is speaking, please?" said "The smartest man in London."

"I'm sorry," came the answer, "I've got the wrong number."

Country Posers

If the huntsman took a gate, would the farmer take offence?

When you rang the blue-bell, did your ear-ring?

If a poet is a-verse to catching a moth, will his son-net a butterfly?

Foolish Fellows

The man who, wanting to know what he looked like when asleep, stood before a mirror with his eyes closed.

The man who, nearly drowned while bathing, said he would never go into the water again till he had learned to swim.

The man who, wishing to sell his house, took a brick from the wall to show as a sample.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

The Vixen's Call. A harsh unearthly scream came from the direction of the Big-woods.

"It is a Vixen calling to her mate," said Farmer Gray in response to Don's startled inquiry. "We shall probably hear him answer soon."

Sure enough, a few seconds later came a series of dog-like barks.

"Foxes usually mate during January," continued the farmer, "and unless you are acquainted with the Vixen's call, it is apt to give you a shock."

"People unaware of this trait in the Vixen have been known to organise search parties on hearing it, under the impression that someone is in great distress."

Work This Out

THE engine of a northbound train travelling at 40 miles an hour had just come out of a tunnel when it began to pass a southbound train moving at 30 miles an hour. By the time the southbound train had reached the other end of the tunnel, the two engines were 3514 yards apart.

How long is the tunnel?

Answer next week

NOT IN THE GAME

"Don't be selfish, Bobbie! Let baby play with your marbles as well! He won't want to keep them."

"But he does, Mummie—he's swallowed two already."

FACTS ABOUT HAITI

THE first Negro Republic to be formed in the world, it consists of the western portion of the island of Hispaniola and adjoins the Dominican Republic. Haiti is about 10,204 square miles in area and is a mountainous country with many forests. Its population of about 3,000,000, is made up chiefly of Negroes with a minority of people of mixed ancestry descended from the original French settlers. Haiti was a French colony from 1677 until 1801, when the famous

Negro leader Toussaint L'Ouverture proclaimed the country independent and became king. Since 1820 Haiti has been a republic. French is the official language, though most of the people speak a dialect called Creole French. The religion is Roman Catholicism.

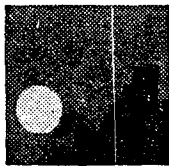
The soil is very fertile and the chief products are coffee, logwood, cocoa, cotton, hides, sisal, sugar, honey, gums, and oil-seeds.

Capital, the seaport of Port-au-Prince, population 125,000.

Other Worlds

IN the morning Jupiter is in the south-west. In the evening, Mars and Saturn are in the south-east, and Uranus is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at six

o'clock on Friday evening, January 18.



The Children's Hour

BBC programmes from Wednesday, January 16, to Tuesday, January 22.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Mystery Boy—a story from India; followed by the BBC Northern Orchestra.

THURSDAY, 5.0 The House in a Row. 5.15 The Secret of Linton Abbey. 5.45 Elephants in Harness. Midland, 5.0 Variety Programme; followed by Bobby Brewster; and Nursery Rhymes to new tunes.

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Gay Dolphin Adventure (Part 2). 5.40 Home-made Journals and Magazines. Midland, 5.40 Children's Party. North, 5.40 Song Recital.

SATURDAY, 5.0 La Belle Nivernaise. 5.35 William Aspdon discusses some of the things seen and heard in the country. Northern Ireland, and North, 5.0

Georgie Porgie and the Blue Pig; followed by Finn the Red.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Between Two Kingdoms. West, 5.0 Cautionary Tales. 5.20 The Doll Who Came Alive.

MONDAY, 5.0 Said the Cat to the Dog (No 2); followed by Visitors. 5.25 Music at Random. 5.40 Talk by Dr Geoffrey Ververs, Superintendent of the Zoo. North, 5.0 The Week's Programmes; followed by a story and music. 5.35 Books Worth Reading. 5.55 Salute to Adventurers.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Children in Norway. 5.30 Nature Parliament—the first of a series of discussions on Natural History. Welsh, 5.0 Part 2 of a story in Welsh; followed by a music recital.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Two crochets. 5 A running bird of Australia. 8 A mighty mite. 9 The most common metal. 10 The common wild duck. 12 Ship of the desert. 13 Note in tonic solfa scale. 14 Holds bricks. 15 State of equality. 16 Officer Commanding (abbrev.). 17 A prime mover. 19 A Scottish schoolmaster. 22 To urge forward. 23 Isaac's hunter son. 25 Conclusion. 26 A rendezvous.

Reading Down. 1 To grow thick together. 2 Pronoun. 3 A wanderer. 4 A Mohammedan priest. 5 Period of time. 6 Binds bricks. 7 Beneath. 9 Not well. 11 Citrus fruit, very scarce here. 12 Clothes a chrysalis. 14 Typical name for agricultural labourer. 15 The art of composing poems. 17 Intervening. 18 A row. 20 Frantic. 21 An incision. 24 For instance.

Answer next week

HUSH HUSH

"You do look ill, old chap. Why don't you take a week or two off?"

"Quite impossible."

"Oh, come, surely the firm can do without you for a short time?"

"That's just the trouble—I don't want them to find out."

The Waning Week

ON Friday night, if you Saturday longer, it would be Sunday.

Tongue-Twister

SILLY Sally saw the shrinking soap suds sailing slowly down the shiny shallow sewer.

WINTER FUN

SAID a skater, "This weather so drippy, I hope, will soon freeze and turn nippy."

Then warm clothing I'll don And my skates I'll put on To skim over the heath ponds so slippery."



Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

for Health, Energy and the Will-to-win

PERFECT physical fitness, abundant energy and the will-to-win—these are the qualities you must possess if you are to be successful in sports and games.

Remember that the leading coaches and trainers insist on 'Ovaltine' as an essential part of the training diet for players and athletes in their charge. They know that there is nothing like 'Ovaltine' for building up physical fitness and stamina.

'Ovaltine' has also played an important part in many outstanding feats of endurance. Famous mountaineering expeditions, including the last two Mount Everest Expeditions, carried 'Ovaltine' as an essential part of their high climbing ration. Explorers have taken it to the ends of the earth.

In everyday life, in your school work, the same fitness and vigour are just as valuable. That is why you should drink delicious 'Ovaltine' every day. It will keep you fit in body and mind and help you always to do your best.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 2/4 and 4/- per tin.

For sweet enjoyment

Walters' Palm TOFFEE

A DOSE IN TIME SAVES MANY A BAD COLD

Orbridge's

Lung Tonic for COUGHS & COLDS

One size only 1/2 (including purchase tax)